

# Right-Side Up: For a Rainy Day [One-Shot Collection]

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**Genre:** Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Character Swap, Alternate Universe - Power Swap, Alternate Universe - Reverse, Alternate Universe - Role Reversal, Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers, F/M, Fluff, Gen, One Shot Collection, reverse au, since this is a collection of unrelated one-shots, tags will DEFINITELY update as I write

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Pretty much everyone tbh - Relationship, The Party - Relationship

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**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 861

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

Reverse!AU: Collection of One-Shots from the Right-Side Up AU. [Posting the first one for Christmas, then will be on hiatus until Season Two is completed!]

Season One: [http://archiveofourown.org/works/12652938?view\\_full\\_work=true](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12652938?view_full_work=true)

Season Two: [http://archiveofourown.org/works/13046202?view\\_full\\_work=true](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13046202?view_full_work=true)

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### Notes for the Chapter:

K SO this is just a one-shot for Christmas (because I felt weird posting the Season Two Halloween Chapters on Christmas lol). I mentioned in S2 but I intend to update with more unrelated, non-chronological one-shots until the canon Season Three is released and I can start on that.

If you're new to this AU, you're going to be VERY CONFUSED, so I'd suggest checking out the canon fic before reading this. I've got links to Seasons One and Two in the description. :D

Thanks for reading! Love you all!

“What’s this?”

Will’s Mother looked down at him; she was carrying a box, filled with bulbs hooked to wires. “Well, we’re setting up Christmas lights.”

He blinked up at her, sitting on the ground. “Christmas lights?”

Joyce glanced at Jonathan, who was carrying another box behind her. “I thought you explained holidays to him.”

Will had been with his family for only a couple of weeks, and there were a lot of things he still didn’t understand. Just yesterday, he’d been watching a movie with Jonathan, and his brother had to explain to him that people in movies were just *acting*, and the poor guy wasn’t actually dead. He’d been in quite a panic before that.

“I did.” Jonathan shrugged. “Did you miss something, buddy?”

“Lights?” Will asked again.

“Oh! Oh, well, these are kind of a tradition.” Joyce said. “A lot of people put lights outside their house to, um, celebrate.”

“Why?”

“It looks cool.” Jonathan shrugged. “Maybe we can show you, when we’re done setting up.”

Will shook his head, glancing at the door. “Outside?”

“Crap, I forgot...” Jonathan cursed.

Joyce considered, then said, “Jonathan, leave that box in the Living Room. I have an idea.”

Jonathan paused, then nodded. “Alright. Will, do you want to tell me what you were reading today?”

Will nodded and followed him as he set the box on the couch, quietly telling him about the Science book that he’d been going through, and how it had been describing the different animal species. Jonathan seemed to actually be listening to him, even though it was Jonathan’s old textbook that he’d been reading, and he was pretty sure that he already knew this. Still, pretty much everything about the world was new to Will, and he had a lot of catching up to do.

Joyce walked into the house again after a second, with the dog trailing at her heels and tacking snow on the floor. Chester looked up and barked and Will, who flinched and curled up some more on the couch. He liked the dog fine, but it made quite a lot of loud, startling noises, which weren’t usually a good sign.

“Here, Jonathan, hold this end.” Joyce said, pulling part of the string from the box.

“What are we doing?” Jonathan asked, grabbing the string of lights.

“Putting up lights.”

Will sat back on the couch, watching for a bit as Joyce stood on a stool, hammering a nail into the wall and hooking some of the string onto it. He wondered if he should help, but he wasn’t exactly sure how, so he just watched as Jonathan and Joyce moved around the room, hooking string onto nails.

Chester jumped up onto the couch beside him, curling up onto the ground and leaning in, wanting attention. Will stroked his fur a little, feeling remnants of snow and ice that was melting fast. He'd only just learned about snow a week or so before- he'd pulled back the curtains in his room to look out the window, only to find white stuff on the snow and window, with more falling from the sky. He'd screamed and freaked out, thinking something wrong was happening, and it had taken almost ten minutes for Joyce to calm him down and explain what was going on. She'd even opened the window and let him hold his hand out, as snowflakes fell onto his hand. They'd felt cold and strange, but he liked it. They were pretty.

"Here we go!" Joyce said, and Will snapped out of his thoughts, looking up.

Joyce and Jonathan had decorated the wall in Christmas lights, and he stepped back a little. It looked a little strange, with the colored bulbs set against the brown wallpaper and the dark green string.

"It looks different in the snow." Joyce explained, glancing at him. "But when the entire neighborhood is lit up, it's very nice to see."

"Speaking of 'lit up'," Jonathan smiled at his brother, and plugged something into the outlet. "Check this out!"

Suddenly, the lights brightened, and Will jumped. It took him a second to realize what had happened, and then he just stared at the wall. The colors were now reflecting against the wall, shining from the tiny bulbs. It completely lit up the wall, making it more of a rainbow than a dull brown. It wasn't like the light he could see around a person- it didn't move as much, and was a much bigger variety of colors. It was so different than anything he'd seen before.

It was beautiful.

"Wow."

Joyce smiled, walking over and giving him a quick hug. "Do you like it?"

"Pretty."

That night, Will drew a picture in his bed. He didn't have very many colors, but he had enough to draw the lights on the wall. And beneath them, he drew his brothers.

They would have loved the lights. They loved pretty things just as much as he did. He hoped that they could see pretty lights from wherever they were.

"Merry Christmas." he whispered, and he dropped the paper onto the ground before pulling the sheets over his head and trying to sleep.